

CHARIVARIA.

THE announcement, emanating from St. Petersburg, that the CZAR is in the best of spirits, and is enjoying motoring, lawn-tennis, and picnics, and having a good time generally at Peterhof, has, we are informed, given the greatest satisfaction to the Russian Army in Manchuria.

The CZAR has told the London Correspondent of the *Novoe Vremya* that he hates war. If the story is not true, it is very well invented.

The punctilious regard for other people's feelings which is characteristic of the Japanese has again received public illustration. The conditions of peace formulated by Baron KOMURA were, as the *Daily Mail* pointed out, in almost entire accordance with the forecasts that had appeared in that journal.

There are many rumours about the actual state of the Peace Negotiations. The most credible seems to be that Russia has agreed to let Japan have Korea, which belongs to the Koreans, and a piece of Manchuria, which is the property of China.

"If Germany," says the *Vossische Zeitung*, "were weakened by some calamity, or some bad mistake, Colonial mismanagement, or war frivolously provoked, nobody in England would shed a tear over it." Are they thinking of the tears shed in Germany over regrettable incidents in the Boer War? And is it implied that our sense of humour is less poignant than that of our Teuton friends?

The British Nation must be prepared for a horrid snub. The *Hamburger Nachrichten*, not usually friendly to us, gives us due warning, so that we may steel ourselves against the blow. "We do not know whether Kaiser WILLIAM will greet the British Fleet in the Baltic," says our German contemporary, "but we doubt very much that he will do so."

Britons have no monopoly of pluck. It has transpired that, when the French tars visited London, one of their number offered the LORD MAYOR's coachman a cigarette.

A correspondent writes to tell us of a Silly Season fish which he saw at the seaside last week. It rose to the surface to get some air, found it was raining, so at once dived under the water again to keep dry.

"Our Bathing Machines: Antiquated Contrivances drive Bathers to the Continent," is the heading of an indictment in the *Express*. The owners of the

doing to provide amusement for their visitors. Probably it was due to their modesty that no mention was made of the amusement often provided by the meetings of the Town Councils themselves.

A married man who was supposed to be the individual hanged for a murder at Maidstone in 1898 has just returned to his wife. It appears that the criminal was another man of the same name. Much sympathy is felt locally for the unfortunate woman, who is now no longer the widow of a celebrity.

Since the adoption of the finger-print system burglary has become so much more arduous, and the expense, owing to the necessary outlay on gloves, has increased to such an extent, that it is suggested that the sentences passed by magistrates ought in justice now to be lighter.

The City police are making great progress in Jiu-jitsu, and a fair correspondent now makes a proposal which is certainly worthy of consideration. She asks whether it would not be a graceful compliment to allow such members of the Force as prove themselves notable adepts in the art to wear pretty Japanese costumes—retaining, of course, the present useful helmet.

A feature of the Blackburn Maidens' Club is, we learn from a local paper, the regular practice of skipping exercises. We had often wondered at the ease with which certain spinsters can skip a whole year, or even more.

Carnarvon Prison being full, a large proportion of prisoners convicted in the county are now being accommodated in Ruthin Gaol, and habitués of the latter institution are complaining that home is no longer home.

Leopards, it is stated, are becoming unpleasantly numerous in the neighbourhood of Simla. Two of them recently lay in wait for the Mail cart, but fortunately they were spotted.

The Bargain of a Lifetime.

THE grazing of a splendid clover field near Blackrock can be had for a few cows.—*Advt. in "Cork Echo."*



A SILLY SEASON GRIEVANCE.

Sea-Serpent (to Miss de Groseille). "No, MISS MAXIMA, WHAT WITH THEIR RIDICULOUS NOTIONS ABOUT THE 'DECAY OF HOME LIFE,' AND 'THRIFTLESS WIVES,' AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT ALL, WE AREN'T GETTING THE ATTENTION WE'RE ENTITLED TO AT THIS TIME OF YEAR."

machines quite rightly retort:—"If the machines are so antiquated, how comes it that they can drive bathers as far as the Continent?"

On excursion steamboats, when the sea is rough, many converts, we hear, are obtained to the "Back to the land" movement.

Some of the Mayors and Town Councillors of our seaside resorts scarcely did themselves justice in their replies to the *Daily Mail's* query as to what they were

ORAL QUESTIONS AND WRITTEN ANSWERS.

III.

[To a Youth who asks the writer "How it feels to be so old?"]

WHEN you, my boy, with ill-considered riot
Raided the sanctum where I wished to brood
Over my luncheon, and in perfect quiet
Assimilate my food—

When, breathing airs of most untimely revel,
Blent with ozone, the famous Norfolk brand,
You advocated "rounders" on the level
Of loose retarding sand—

I saw the scene: I saw, as in a vision,
Knowing my length of years and what I weighed,
I should infallibly provoke derision
From the Marine Parade.

Therefore I pleaded eld and eld's infirmities,
Urging that, if there ever comes a stage
When such pursuits have reached their natural term, it is
At forty odd (my age).

And lo! like EVE's, when she secured the apple
Which opened out new worlds and wondrous strange,
Your intellect at first refused to grapple
With life's extended range.

The monstrous figures left you almost blinded,
Till Pity, which my parlous case begat,
Moved you to ask me if I greatly minded
Being as old as that.

I answered: "Age, my boy, is manhood's glory,
So it be sequent on a well-spent youth;"
Whereat you smiled as one who hears a story
Palpably void of truth.

Yet you were wrong in thinking, gay young scoffer,
"The grapes are sour at which he grasps in vain";
I would not be, not if I had the offer,
A bounding boy again.

The ardours incident to adolescence,
So like its favoured beverage, ginger-pop,
Where flatness follows close on effervescence,
I am content to drop.

Like SOLOMON, arrived at perfect sanity,
With no desire to make a noise or romp,
I take the line that vanity is vanity,
That pomp is merely pomp.

Not easily we come to these conclusions;
It costs us something—and we bear the trace—
To sacrifice a lot of dear illusions,
To yield, with smiling face,

Boyhood's instinctive claim to fair requital
For labour of the hand or heart or mind,
And learn that what we once considered vital
Is nothing of the kind.

Therefore, although my limbs are less elastic,
I'd choose the balanced calm that Age enjoys,
Having survived the process, rudely plastic,
That makes for equipoise.

* * *

P.S.—I think it might perhaps be better
Not to acidulate your youthful cup,
And so, my boy, I will not send this letter,
But simply tear it up.

O. S.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF CITY BUSINESS MEN.

THERE is a movement already started for representing to the Stock Exchange Committee of Management that, in future, Saturday throughout the year should be officially recognised as a *dies non*, when no markets would be open, and no business transacted.

For the benefit of everyone connected with the Stock Exchange we beg to add some suggestions which, if adopted, as they ought to be, by the Committee, will greatly relieve all the over-worked brokers, jobbers, clerks, and, in fact, everyone in any way officially, directly or indirectly, connected with this great centre of the world's industry.

Let Saturday be always a holiday. It is so in Parliament, whose members are enabled to leave town on Friday. To get away comfortably on Saturday is something, but if Saturday is to be a *genuine whole holiday*, then it is absolutely essential that the *afternoon of Friday* should be perfectly free. This plan in former times was of such considerable obligation, that whenever a whole holiday, being a Saint's day, was marked in the model public-school calendar as a holiday, its "vigil" was invariably a half holiday. Therefore it is hereby proposed that in every working week, throughout the Stock Exchange year, *Friday shall be a half holiday and Saturday a whole one.*

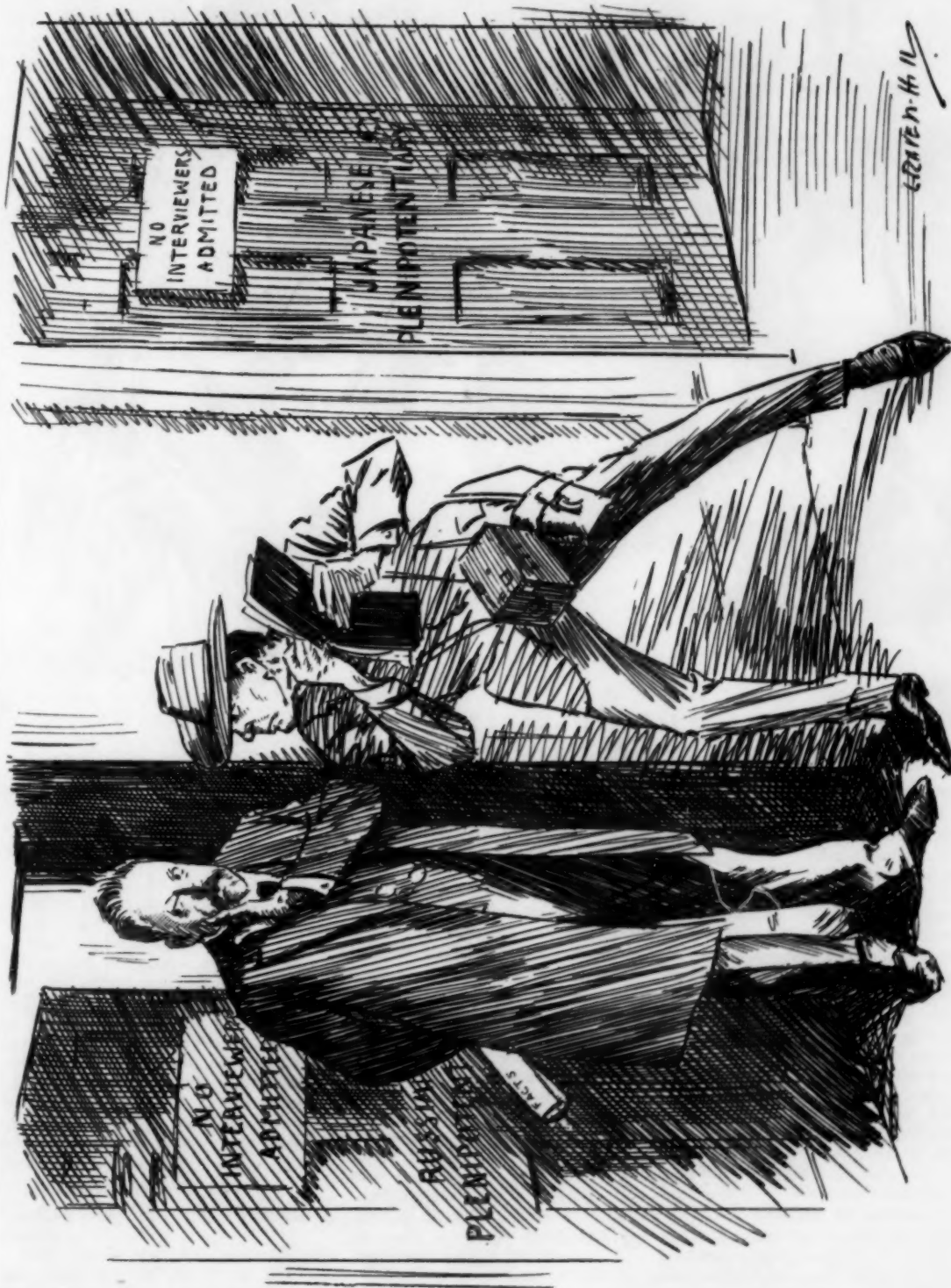
But how can Sunday be a *perfect whole holiday* if the Stock Exchange holiday-enjoyer has to commence re-packing up on Sunday afternoon, or on Sunday evening, in order to return on Sunday night and represent the early bird, who is down on the later-rising worm, on Monday morning, in the City? No; Sunday must remain a *jour de fête* from midnight to midnight. But is the tired broker to be deprived of his well-earned rest? Perish the thought. Therefore, as it is here proposed to give him half of Friday for his preparation, so naturally, and logically, *half of Monday must be conceded to him for returning home*, refreshing himself, and preparing for work in the City some time after midday. Rarely, however, is Monday a great working day, and given an hour for luncheon there remain only two clear hours till the closing time, which should certainly be four o'clock.

Why, then, do any business on Monday? Why not begin the real genuine hard-working Stock-Exchange week in the City on Tuesday? Then there will be three and a-half days left, quite enough, indeed, more than enough, for anyone to turn the honest penny and realise thousands.

But indefatigable workers there are who may object to the above method. For these we offer another suggestion, premising that to work it out, practically and satisfactorily, must occupy some time. It is this:—*Move the entire Stock-Exchange business down to the seaside from the first of May to the end of September.* Let the Committee find some place by the sea. Commence with tents as offices. One large tent, like that which serves the Messrs. SANGER for a circus, to serve as the Exchange itself. Which of all seaside places shall be chosen? An overwhelming majority on the Committee must decide this difficult question.

En attendant, let the Committee purchase fields in various places, north, south, east and west, communicating with one another by telephone, telegraph, and private sky-signals; or (and this, too, is another admirable suggestion) let the Committee take an encampment, calling it *Stockborough-on-Sea*, as a commencement, and begin work next year. The interval between now and next April should be devoted to the full consideration of all the details of this excellently devised scheme.

Mem.—Theatrical and operatic companies would follow this lead, as would restaurateurs, hairdressers, and all tradesmen and others interested in the health of the overworked City business man.



RETICENCE À LA Russe.

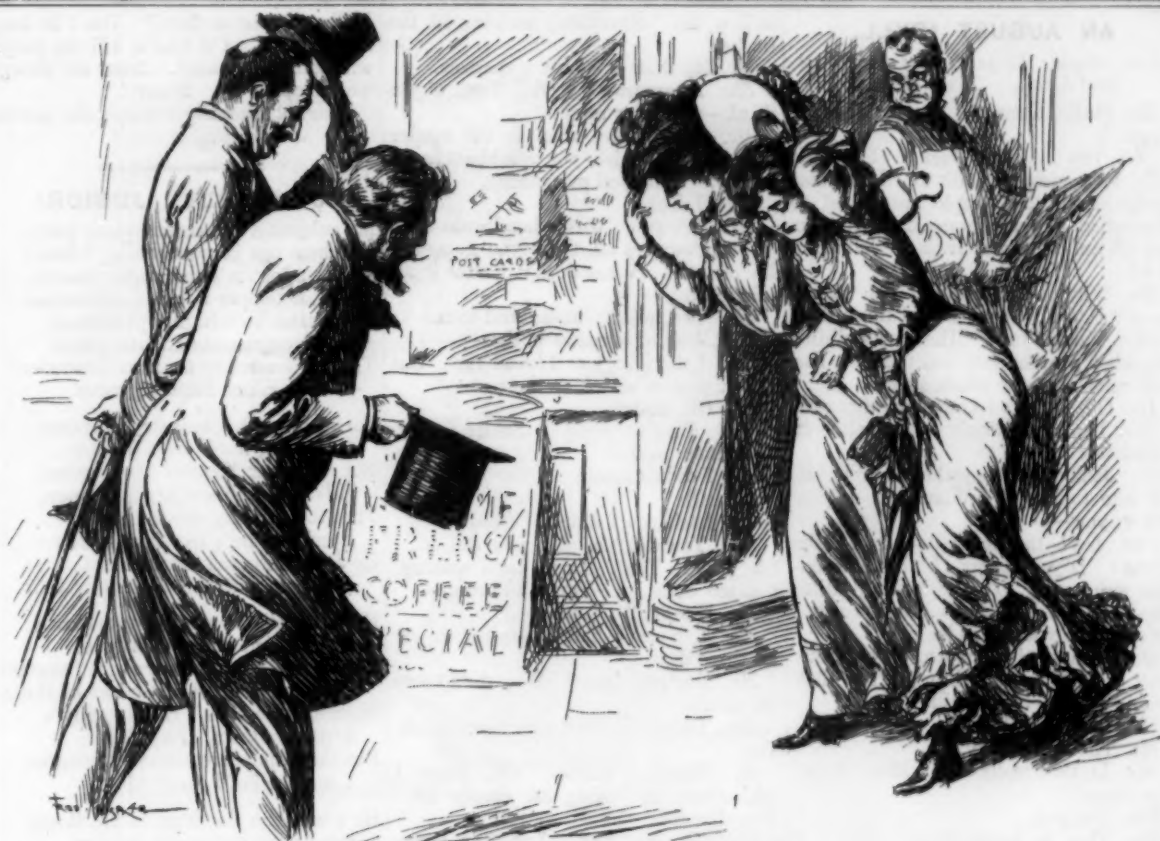
AMERICAN NEWSPAPER MAN. "SEE HERE, I CAN'T GET ANY INFORMATION NEXT DOOR. CAN YOU TALK?"
MR. WITTE. "ALAS! MY LIPS ARE SEALED. BUT—I MAY TELL YOU IN STRICTEST CONFIDENCE THAT THE JUSTICE OF THE CASE IS ENTIRELY ON OUR SIDE. HERE ARE THE FACTS."
[Hands scroll, and Newspaper-man cables accordingly.]

GIVE TO THE PEOPLE OF OUR COUNTRY
 THE BEST AND MOST COMPLETE
 A COMPANION TO THE PEOPLE OF OUR COUNTRY
 THE BEST AND MOST COMPLETE

THE PEOPLE OF OUR COUNTRY



THE PEOPLE OF OUR COUNTRY



MORE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

(Our French Visitors still delighted with England.)

BUT THE LADIES WERE REALLY BOWING TO A STRONG SOUTH-WEST WIND.

FLY LEAVES.

(From Mr. Punch's General Information Series.)

THE common fly is now largely in evidence, and a few words about these interesting but annoying little pests will perhaps not come amiss.

It is not, we believe, generally known that the eating apparatus of the fly is really out of all proportion to the size of its diminutive body. If a man's eating apparatus were built upon the same proportions as that of a fly, alterations and additions on a large scale would have to be carried out in order to provide adequate accommodation for his lips and teeth, which under the new conditions would present a frontage of

THREE FEET SIX INCHES.

Needless to say, this would look utterly absurd.

Few people who are pestered with flies seem to be aware of the fact that the immediate neighbourhood of a wasp's nest is an effectual guarantee that no flies will materialise there, wasps being their implacable enemies. Un-

fortunately, however, for us poor bipeds, who are compelled to live in towns, it is an exceedingly difficult matter to induce the wasp to make its nest among us.

A fly has almost as many lives as a cat. It is a difficult thing to drown one, unless you have the time and patience to hold its head under a

STRONG JET OF WATER

for a considerable time. You have probably often wondered how a fly can walk on a ceiling upside down. Nature, foreseeing that our winged friend would sooner or later make a hobby of walking in this position, has thoughtfully provided him with suckers to enable him to perform the feat. Capillary attraction, or, if you like, animal magnetism, is thus brought into play to counteract or negative the force of gravity, thus preventing the little animal from falling on its back upon the floor, and perhaps sustaining serious injuries.

Adhesive paper does not always catch flies, and when it does the result cannot be said to be pleasant to look upon. The present writer has lately come across an ingenious, and at the same time highly

DECORATIVE SCHEME

for getting rid of the surplus flies in a house. The scheme is simplicity itself. All that is required is a tube of "Stickytine," a step-ladder, and a little ingenuity. With the "Stickytine," trace on the ceiling some conventional pattern, —a five-pointed star, for instance, looks well—and the flies will do the rest! The result will surprise you, and you will have all the pleasure of the artist in watching your design growing before your very eyes. Spiders may sometimes be introduced into the design, to give a touch of realism, and their use and limitations will be found fully treated in that useful little handbook, *Spiders as Decorative Adjuncts*, by ASTON WERN, R.A., F.R.I.B.A., F.S.A.

Leading to several puffs.

BEFORE the French Fleet quitted our shores Alderman J. H. COBKE (of Portsmouth) presented Admiral CAILLARD and his officers with a thousand boxes of cigarettes. The cigarettes were of course cork-tipped; so were the French Admiral and officers.

AN AUGUST IDYLL.

SCENE—*Inside the gardens of any West-End Square. TIME—10 P.M.*

He. Hullo, KITTEN! You here? How rippin'!

She. Tom! What luck! I'm just dyin' for someone to talk to. I'm absolutely alone. My people are all off to Marienbad—Papa, Mamma, babies, nurses and all, and only poor little me left alone at 82.

He. Why on earth didn't you let me know? I'd have come round like a shot.

She. Would you? Then why didn't you when you knew I was there? You only came once the whole season.

He. Oh, well, you know why that was.

She. I'm sure I don't. Were you—er—jealous?

He. Jealous! Me jealous! Who of, I'd like to know? When I'd only to look at you—

She. Isn't the moon too lovely for words? D'you know, I think moonlight suits you? You're looking rather nice to-night. Perhaps it's because I haven't seen you for so long.

He. What rot! You are, if you like. Your eyes are sparkling like—they remind me of—of the Milky Way.

She. The what, Tom?

He. The Milky Way.

She. Do they really? The Milky Way? Tom, dear!

He. Yes, pet.

She. This is rather comfy, isn't it? Are you happy, dear?

He. Darling!

She. Better than the silly season, isn't it?

He. This is the silly season, silly.

She. Oh, you know what I mean. Better than when town is full of silly people. Except for one thing.

He. Oh, well, of course it is rather rot. Flirtin' and eatin' and dancin' about all night. It's rather an empty sort of life.

She. Empty! Oh, empty, yes. And yet, Tom, do you know, sometimes I—

He. Yes, darlin', what is it?

She. Oh, n-nothing. Perhaps I'll tell you some day. Don't ask me now.

He. Course not, pet. What shall we do? Like to walk round the gardens?

She. I'd rather not, Tom, if you don't mind. You're so strong, but I—I'm rather tired. I'd rather stay here quietly. Shall you mind?

He. Mind? Why, of course not. Here, lean against me.

She. Ah!

He. That better?

She. Oh, Tom, it's heavenly. How good you are to me! How I—what was that?

He. That? Oh, nothing. What makes you so nervous?

She. But it was something. There

it is again. Something moving in the bushes.

He. My dear, it's only a sparrow.

She. A sparrow! Oh, Tom, d'you think—no, never mind.

He. Look here, what is the matter with you? I wish you wouldn't be so jumpy. You spoil everything.

She. I, Tom?

He. Yes, you. Just when I want to be—confound it all, there you go again.

Do sit still. What does it matter if an idiotic bird—

She. You're very un-unkind to me.

He. Well, if it comes to that—

She. I thought you loved me. But you're just as selfish as the rest.

He. Oh, bother.

She. That's right. Swear away. Just like a man.

He. I didn't swear.

She. Oh!

He. I tell you I didn't. I didn't.

She. You did, you did, you did. . . . Oh, Tom! Tom! Don't let's quarrel. I'm too weak. I—Tom, I'm hungry.

He. Hungry? You!

She. I haven't had anything to eat for three days.

He. You poor dear! Why didn't you tell me?

She. I tried to, Tom, and then I—oh, Tom.

He. What? When? Oh, when I said about its being an empty life? Was that it?

She. Oh, yes, Tom. And then I was ashamed and couldn't go on. And when you said my eyes were like the M-m-milky Way—

He. What a blind fool I am! The Milky Way! The irony of it! You poor darling! I'd like to give your people a bit of my mind, going off to Hamburg, or wherever it was, and leavin' you like that. What brutes they are!

She. I suppose they didn't think, Tom.

He. Then they ought to think. What else have they got to do?

She. They haven't time to think, Tom. They are so busy getting cured of having eaten too much.

He. I'd cure them. I'd eat them. I'd—but what are you going to eat? That's the question.

She. I don't want anything to eat now, Tom. I've got you.

He. Rubbish! You must have something better than that. Tell you what, KITTEN, you come round to my flat. There's only the old charwoman and the stable-cat. She's not a bad old sort. She'll give you—

She. The sparrow, Tom. There it is again.

He. Of course. The very thing. You wait here and I'll—bother! Here's a beastly dog. We'd better separate. You know my number in Jermyn Street?

Will you come on there? Don't be long! KITTEN dear. I'd like to kill the people who left you behind. After all, though we are cats—Miaow!

[*Exeunt severally through the nearest area-railings.*]

JOHN BULL JUNIOR.

My subject's a cheerful young party,

Whose age is approaching fifteen;

Whose appetite's thoroughly hearty,

Whose temper is bland and serene.

At pastime he's highly proficient,

But inquiries abundantly prove

That he's terribly far from omniscient,

Except in one limited groove.

For instance, his industry's tireless

In getting his *Wissen* by rote;

But of Signor MARCONI (the wireless)

He takes the most negligent note.

That the primary use of the cable

Is cricket, he's free to maintain—

He associates cricket with ABEL,

And bats with the mention of CAIN.

He can't tell the whereabouts clearly

Of Constantinople or Prague,

But he'll talk by the hour about BREARLEY,

He'll tell you the birthplace of HAIGH.

He cannot be sure if the Hooghly's

A river, a town, or a hill;

But then upon BOSANQUET's "googlies"

A volume he'd easily fill.

He's weak on the Wars of the Roses,

But LILLEY he hugely admires.

If you cite Dr. JOHNSON, he dozes,

But JACKSON his ecstasy fires.

The Middlesex WELLS he thinks lots of,

But it isn't the prophet we know;

And the one famous ARNOLD he wots of

Is the eminent Worcestershire "pro."

He can't tell a brig from a schooner,

Or a cormorant from a curléw,

But he knows all the virtues of SPOONER

(Who isn't the Warden of New).

When HIRST was laid up by a blister,

He nearly was ready to cry,

He knows next to nothing of LISTER,

He thinks very highly of FRY.

Why CHAMBERLAIN's down on the "dumper"

He knows not and cares not to learn,

But he knows the religion of TRUMPER,

The family tree of JACK HEARNE;

He ardently aims at achieving

A place in his County's eleven;

And he recently owned to believing

That there's to be cricket in Heaven.

For the moment this amiable stripling

In a (flanneled) Fool's Paradise dwells,

Unheeding the strictures of KIPLING,

Neglecting the warnings of WELLS.

If he ever emerges or duly

Developes, remains to be seen;

Meanwhile he exemplifies truly

Our Governing Class at fifteen.



IN THE PICTURE GALLERY OF THE EARLS OF LONGLINE.

Sir Peter Stodgely. "CURIOUS THING YOUR FAMILY SHOULD ALL BE, TOOK IN FANCY DRESS! I 'FORE THEY'RE ALL BY THE SAME MAN, EB?"

THE KAISER.

ALL ye who are hot in the crush and cram
Of the holiday train or the seaside tram,
Don't think of the KAISER of proud Potsdam,
Or you'll never again be cooler.
To the uttermost edge of its outside rim
The earth is full of the fame of him;
And the birds that fly and the fish that swim
All worship the German ruler.

To grasp the idea of a man like that,
A full blue-blooded aristocrat,
Who's got all knowledge as pat as pat,
Is not very easy, is it?
Such a terrible, toasting, talking man,
So busy with brand-new plot and plan,
So quick to be out of the frying-pan
Whenever there's fire to visit.

Imagine his *Schnurbart* tipped sky-high,
His medals and stars and his eagle eye,
And his mailed-fist finger in every pie,
And the things that he does for pleasure:
How he preached a sermon, and danced a dance,
And made the line of his troops advance,
And put a spoke in the wheel of France,
And all in a moment's leisure.

In the space of a curtailed winter's day
He painted a picture and wrote a play,
A national hymn and a roundelay,
Before he had to go bedward.
And then, to mitigate foreign hates,
He called up Bülow and fixed the dates
For passing his naval estimates,
With an eye on his Uncle EDWARD.

His uniforms make an immense total,
For he gets out of bed as a Field-Marshal
And dines as a British Admiral—
I don't know what he looks best as.
It takes him a minute—never more—
To muzzle a critical editor,
Or put him inside a prison door
On a charge of *lèse majesté*.

Then, baring his arm, with a fearful twist
Of the hand that hangs from his iron wrist,
He screws the scruff of a Socialist
For letting his votes get larger.
He goes to roost as the clocks strike ten,
And at one A.M. he is out again
With a pretty surprise for the soldier men
Whom he leads on his chestnut charger.

Whenever there's anything, right or wrong,
In which there's a chance for going strong,
He goes and he does it all day long;
And he's never at ease a minute.
One day he is off to Morocco bound,
And next he sails through the stormy Sound—
In short if the lime-light's playing round
The Emperor WILLIAM's in it.

I hoped he would tire in a year or so,
And go, as the Lotos-eaters go,
To a land where everything's soft and low,
And nobody wants to worry.
But the years roll on, and the KAISER too,
And there always seems to be something new
For the meddlesome hands of the man to do
In a fit of Imperial hurry.

STUDIES IN JOURNALISM.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL.

(With acknowledgments to "Truth.")

I AM in possession of a number of facts reflecting very discredibly upon the management of the Bullseye fort at Shoeburyville, where the militia artillery have been in training. The commissariat department was deplorably inefficient, on more than one occasion potatoes being served to the men with their jackets on, so simple an act as paring them seeming to be beyond the resources of the War Office. There is an impression abroad that anything is good enough for a soldier, but so long as I can raise my voice this poisonous doctrine shall make no headway. On another occasion butter was allowed to stand in the sun until it completely lost its flavour. A system which works out like this in dealing with a small matter of routine, where months are available for preparation, is not likely to come out very brilliantly under the strain of war.

During the illumination of the French fleet at Portsmouth a number of Corporation servants viewed the sight from the spire of the new Town Hall, while those of the public who wished to share this advantageous position were rigorously excluded. It would be interesting to know by whose authority these gentry annexed the premises in this way, for I suppose they would have no right to do such a thing on their own account. And even if anyone else gave them the right it must have been by an error of judgment, for certainly this seems an occasion when the public ought to be allowed the use of a tower provided for their benefit.

Another case has come to my notice illustrating the *modus operandi* of the Duddame Hygienic Institute, which is, as my readers know, the latest manifestation of the scoundrel WUMP, whom I have been exposing for many years. In December last a West Ham lion-tamer, deceived by the Institute's mendacious advertisement, entrusted WUMP with five guineas of his hard-earned money, in return for which WUMP undertook to supply him with a new flesh-and-blood arm in place of the limb which one of his charges had recently consumed. Needless to say no new arm has grown.

As WUMP is quoting opinions of the Press in favour of his treatment, I think it desirable to publish these facts, as giving the other side of the case, and to call attention again to what has already been said in this paper with reference to the "Institute." The law which allows this state of things, while professing to regulate the practice of medicine, and to limit it to persons possessing certain specific qualifications, is in the highest degree unsatisfactory. If the medical profession does not think it necessary to get this abuse corrected in its own interest, Parliament ought to deal with the matter by a Royal Commission.

My Pillory is not very full this week, but one contrast is better than nothing. It must not, however, be thought that the Great Unpaid are growing any wiser. It simply means that many of my newspaper-searchers are having their holidays:

Rotborough Petty Sessions.	Patchester Borough Police.
Before Messrs. WIMBLE, VERGES	Before Captain CROKER and
and Lt.-Col. TOPKNOT. WILLIAM	Mr. BAILEY BIGGIE. TIMOTHY
BROADFOOT, charged with steal-	PORTERHOUSE STAKE, charged
ing a gasometer. Ten years' with jumping on his mother,	was awarded five shillings
hard labour.	from the Poor Box.

Following on my article last week respecting money-lenders'



MR. LEANDER JONES, WHO IS VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT AQUATIC ETIQUETTE, TAKES A FEW AMERICAN FRIENDS ON THE RIVER, AND WISHES HE HADN'T.

aliases, I have been furnished with some interesting information as to the ramifications of the notorious bloodsucking firm of MacBULLS. This is, of course, a mere *nom de guerre*, nobody of the name of MacBULL being connected with the business, which has always been run by members of the Hebrew family of the IKEYS. Originally the firm, which had its head-quarters at Cardiff and branch usury-shops in many other towns, including London, was styled JOHN MACBULL AND Co. Later on it was registered as a joint-stock company with a directorate including ISAAC, JACOB, MOSES, SOLOMON, and LAZARUS IKEY. I have given not a few instances of their rapacity, and the operations of the firm came under the notice of the Select Committee on Money-lending. It is much to be regretted that the Money-lenders Act does not, as was recommended by the Select Committee, compel all these gentry to carry on business in their own rightful names, which in many instances would act as a sufficient danger-signal to would-be borrowers.

The vampire LEVY has just cropped up again at Birmingham under the name of PATRICK ALEXANDER JONES. In his new rôle he issues circulars to aeronauts offering to lend them money on easy terms. Aeronauts, it seems, are often in financial difficulties, and LEVY has had the wit to notice this, and to profit accordingly. It is to be hoped that the attention of the police will be drawn to the fact that he is not only carrying on the business of a money-lender on unregistered premises, but also tempting a very deserving class of man.

Olendorf at the Stationer's.

Customer. Have you any washing-books?

Assistant. No, Madam, but I have untearable ones in linen.

"The Ideas Exchange."

THE Minor Poet who, in our issue of August 9, wrote from The Laurels, Upper Tooting, offering "original and highly amusing gags for knockabout scene," and was willing to take in exchange "the suitable conclusion of a rhymed couplet beginning:

"Oh wan pale parent pendent o'er thy babe,"

is greatly obliged to the gentleman who has sent him the following line:

"Christen him ABRAHAM, or, briefly, ABE,"

and will forward the gags without delay.

"Seaside Boredom."

[The Daily Mail has been circularising the Town Councils of various seaside resorts to find out if sufficient amusements for men are provided.]

To judge by a notice on the slopes of Plymouth Hoe—

"Gentlemen are requested not to overlook the ladies' bathing-place"—it is clear that the Town Council of Plymouth makes it its business to organise adequate entertainment for its male visitors.

THE tendency to waste time on refreshment intervals at cricket matches seems to receive undue encouragement at the Oval. On the occasion of a very important match, an adjacent public-house recently advertised seats to view, "situated midway between wickets. Luncheons, Teas, Wines, Spirits and Cigars of the finest quality." This is putting a great temptation in the way of our players, especially the batsmen and the bowlers.



A QUESTION OF VESTED INTEREST.

Vicar. "WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?"

Spokesman. "PLEASE, SIR, WE BE A DEPUTATION FROM FARMERS DOWN FROGLANDS PARISH, TO ASK YOU TO PRAY FOR FINE WEATHER FOR T'ARVEST."

Vicar. "WHY DON'T YOU ASK YOUR OWN VICAR?"

Spokesman. "WELL, SIR, WE RECKON 'E DE'UNT MUCH GOOD FOR THIS 'ERE. 'E DO BE THAT FOND OF FISHIN'."

HIGHLAND HOUSEKEEPING.

WE'RE twenty miles from anywhere, beside a brawling burn
That rambles and scrambles through bramble, brake and
fern;

We've seas of purple heather, we have honey by the ton,
We've bens too, and glens too, where bonny red deer run,
In short, the only trouble which can make our hearts go hop
And stop,

Is when we find things left behind which drive us out to shop.

My PHYLLIS wants some hair-pins, so I sally forth and meet
Black WILLIE, the gillie, parading down the street.

"It's hair-pins ye are wantin', Sir? Ye'd better speir at
JOHN.

Ye know, Sir, the grocer has aften things like yon.

Or gin he hasna got them, ye might speir at RAB MACKAY—

Ou ay,

The baker too micht hae a few. "Twad dae nae hairm to try."

My towzled locks start growing and I wonder if Strathspey
Might harbour a barber, and this is what they say:

"There's no a reg'lar pairson, Sir, that rightly understands,
But JACK SMITH, the blacksmith, is canny wi' his hands,

Or JEANIE GREY, the shepherd's lass, wad clip ye fine, nae fears;
For years

She's helpit at the shearin' time an' handles weel the shears."

In course of time a laundress is a necessary ill,

But plainly it's vainly one seeks her on the hill.

"There's JESS McLEOD is handy-like at washin' oot the dirt,

But then, Sir, ye ken, Sir, she couldna starch a shirt.

The flesher's lad aye lifts them when he ca's, an' he'll be oot,

Nae doot—

He's hens to seek—on Friday week or somewhere there about."

PUBLIC opinion at Leamington is strongly in favour of
keeping foreign matter from polluting the river. The local
Gazette describes how a little girl recently fell into the water
near the Adelaide Bridge: "she was, however, pulled out by
a visitor before any harm was done."

Mother (to small boy). Darling, I wish you would try to eat
a little more.

Darling. You should never press children to eat, Mother.
I read that in a book called *Hints to Parents*.



THE SOWER OF TARES.

(After Millais.)



THE BATHING MACHINE;

OR, THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE DAME AND THE DIP.

SCENE.—A row of bathing machines on a sandy beach, with No. 5 in the immediate foreground. A harassed-looking lady sits in a hammock chair close by, knitting, with a bundle of bathing impedimenta at her feet; a second lady, also with bathing things and a careworn face, is seated at a short distance from the first. They are unacquainted, but exchange sympathetic glances.

First Lady (with a sad smile). How trying this weary waiting is! It wastes one's whole morning, does it not?

Second Lady. Yes, indeed, it is quite dreadful. I've been waiting for nearly an hour. They ought not to be allowed to stop in so long!

First Lady. And then they take such a terrible time dressing—and with very poor results, in my opinion.

Second Lady. I quite agree with you. The women here are utterly lacking in style and manner. Ah!

[Sighs with relief at the appearance of JONES, the bathing man, at the door of No. 5.

Bathing Man (rapping sharply). Now then, ladies! Quick as you can, please—very busy this morning!

Voice (within). Shan't be long, we've only just come in. [B. M. retires.

First Lady. What a falsehood!—but they all say that. What makes this waiting especially annoying to me is that if I do not bathe a full hour before lunch I am upset for the rest of the day.

Second Lady. Really? I can quite sympathise with you. I have to live by rule myself. My doctor has ordered sea-bathing at 11.30 each morning, almost, one might say, as a last resource. My health is so precarious.

[They draw their chairs closer and converse.

First Lady. Dear, dear. Well, I am sure it is a shame you should be kept waiting so long—but these young people are so selfish.

Second Lady. Ah, yes. If there was more give and take in the world there would be less unhappiness.

First Lady. Yes, indeed. So long as they get what they want, other people may get along as they can. Which machine are you waiting for?

Second Lady. No. 5.

First Lady (stiffening). Oh no—that is my machine.

Second Lady. Excuse me—you are mistaken. My towels are on the front steps.

First Lady (coldly). And mine are on the back. It is really my machine; I have been here for nearly an hour.



A HAPPY RELEASE.

Kind Friend. "PARDON ME, BUT I OUGHT TO TELL YOU THAT JONES HAS RUN AWAY WITH YOUR WIFE."

Husband (bored). "BUT WHY RUN?"

Second Lady. I am sorry for that, but I was here first, as the bathing man knows.

[Rises and stands near the front door, trusting the occupant will come out that way. *First Lady* follows suit at the back. They glare silently at each other. *Bathing Man* passes.

First Lady (sweetly). Oh! JONES—will you kindly explain to that lady that this is my machine? I was here first.

Second Lady (severely). Mr. JONES, you know perfectly well it is mine. That other lady had better find another machine, or she will have to wait a very long time.

B. M. (looking worried). I can't exactly call to mind which was first—but perhaps you'll share it, ladies.

[Angry ejaculations of dissent from both ladies. *B. M.* sighs and wipes his brow, and mechanically knocks at No. 5.

Voice (from inside). Well, what is it now?

B. M. Hurry up, please, ladies! Very busy this morning!

Voice (virulently). Well, I suppose we must put our things on!

B. M. Certainly, ma'am, certainly. (Pauses.) Will one of you ladies come to No. 17? That will be free next!

First Lady. Certainly not. I stop here now, whatever happens!

[*Bathing Man* retires—and immediately after the door of No. 17 opens and the occupants descend, and both ladies make a dash for it, only to see the lawful tenants take possession and close the door. During their short absence the occupants of No. 5 have emerged, and JONES, seeing the steps deserted, has promptly put in another party. The first lady gathers together her belongings and goes to find her husband and the local authorities, while the second lady retires home in hysterics and a donkey-chaise.

MR. PUNCH'S TRAVEL TALK.*(Somewhat in the manner of "T. P.'s.")*

PROVINCIAL.—London is well worth visiting for its historical attractions. You are right in thinking the Thames Embankment and the Abbey free, but at the latter pleasure resort the vergers like their verging to be recognised. There are several hotels. You make a mistake in thinking that one has to book seats in advance for Mr. FLOWDEN'S Court. The seats are free. There is no early door.

STUDENT.—If, as you say, you know no German except the phrase "Schleswig-Holstein," it would be wiser, perhaps, for you to stay at an English boarding-house while you are in Dresden. There are many to choose from, and you need not meet any Germans at all, which will, perhaps, make your three weeks' stay the more pleasant, whatever it may do for your study of the country.

A. B. C. asks if it is possible to enjoy a good fortnight's holiday in Belgium for five shillings a day all told. Certainly, if you live low enough, and do not wish to be always travelling. Third class to Ostend is not excessive, and in August it is no hardship to sleep on the beach. Winners in the Casino are often very generous as they leave. Why English people think it a reasonable thing to spend less on a holiday abroad than they would on ordinary living at home is a question that I have not time to consider. I merely encourage them to do so. Next, please.

T. W.—There is no reason why you and your wife should not travel in Switzerland speaking no language but your own. There are hundreds of English tourists in Switzerland, the greater majority of whom are probably unacquainted with any other language. If the waiters do not understand you, try either dumb signs or Esperanto. It is a good rule to shout if you are not understood. Take a megaphone with you for use at the smaller hotels.

BOY.—For a youth unused to London life and not accustomed to catering for himself, I think a boarding-house is decidedly preferable to lodgings, especially if living alone. If you had a friend to share the expenses of rooms with you they would be cheaper. If he paid half they would be cheaper by 50 per cent.

EILEEN.—The question of tips is a difficult one to decide, and the magnitude of this theme is fully exposed in an adjoining article. Everything depends upon the length of your stay, the amount of trouble given, the class of hotel patronised, and the character of the head waiter's eye. A rule that is greatly followed is to give 10 per cent. on the amount of the bill for a short stay, and 5 per cent. for a long one. For longer

still, 1 per cent. or nothing. You might arrange to have your luggage sent on and slip away quietly by the back door. This is very usual amongst a large class of people.

PATERFAMILIAS.—Shepherd's Bush is not usually considered a watering-place, but the Tube would bring you to Hyde Park very quickly (Lancaster Gate station: fare twopence), and you would then find the Serpentine, with boating and bathing facilities. Mixed bathing is not allowed, but after all the pleasure of being in cold water with one's beloved is not too obvious. For lodgings I can (quite disinterestedly) recommend Madame NESTLÉ at 42, Succé Road.

K. M.—No, there are no places in the Isle of Wight that have not been discovered. Nor are there any that are cheap. The best route is by steamer from Portsmouth, Stokes Bay, or Southampton; but there is no reason why you should not swim and send your luggage by carrier. I have not the championship table beside me, so I cannot say what the record is for swimming to Ryde, but records are made to be cut, so why not cut it? You would also save eightpence. I doubt if you can get lodgings at Osborne, but Norris Castle is to let, Mr. W. E. NORRIS having settled at Torquay.

A. A.—For a novelist in search of local colour I can cordially recommend Norfolk. Harpooning bloaters on the Broads may not have quite the excitement of tarpon fishing, but it is excellent sport. Camping-out is not allowed in the park at Sandringham owing to the presence of a herd of wild cattle, but I believe there is nothing to prevent your tethering a captive balloon to the spire of Norwich Cathedral. I always thought that a Norfolk biffin was a sort of bird, but perhaps you are right.

HANDY ANDY.—You cannot bicycle all the way to Jersey, nor are you likely to be taken in as a paying-guest for less than 3s. a day unless you are a vegetarian. It was VICTOR HUGO and not Sir GILBERT PARKER who wrote *The Toilers of the Sea*, but there is no danger of octopuses now. VICTOR HUGO is dead. No, it is not as a rule necessary to take dress clothes (evening dress) if you stay at a temperance hotel, but collars are *de rigueur* at all meals.

Breakfast-Table Problem.

"AFTER all, what is the object in swimming across the Channel when it can be done for a few shillings in a steamer?"
—*Evening News*.

Say what "it" is; and, if it means swimming, then show the fallacy underlying the original question, even if we suppose the steamer to contain a swimming-bath.

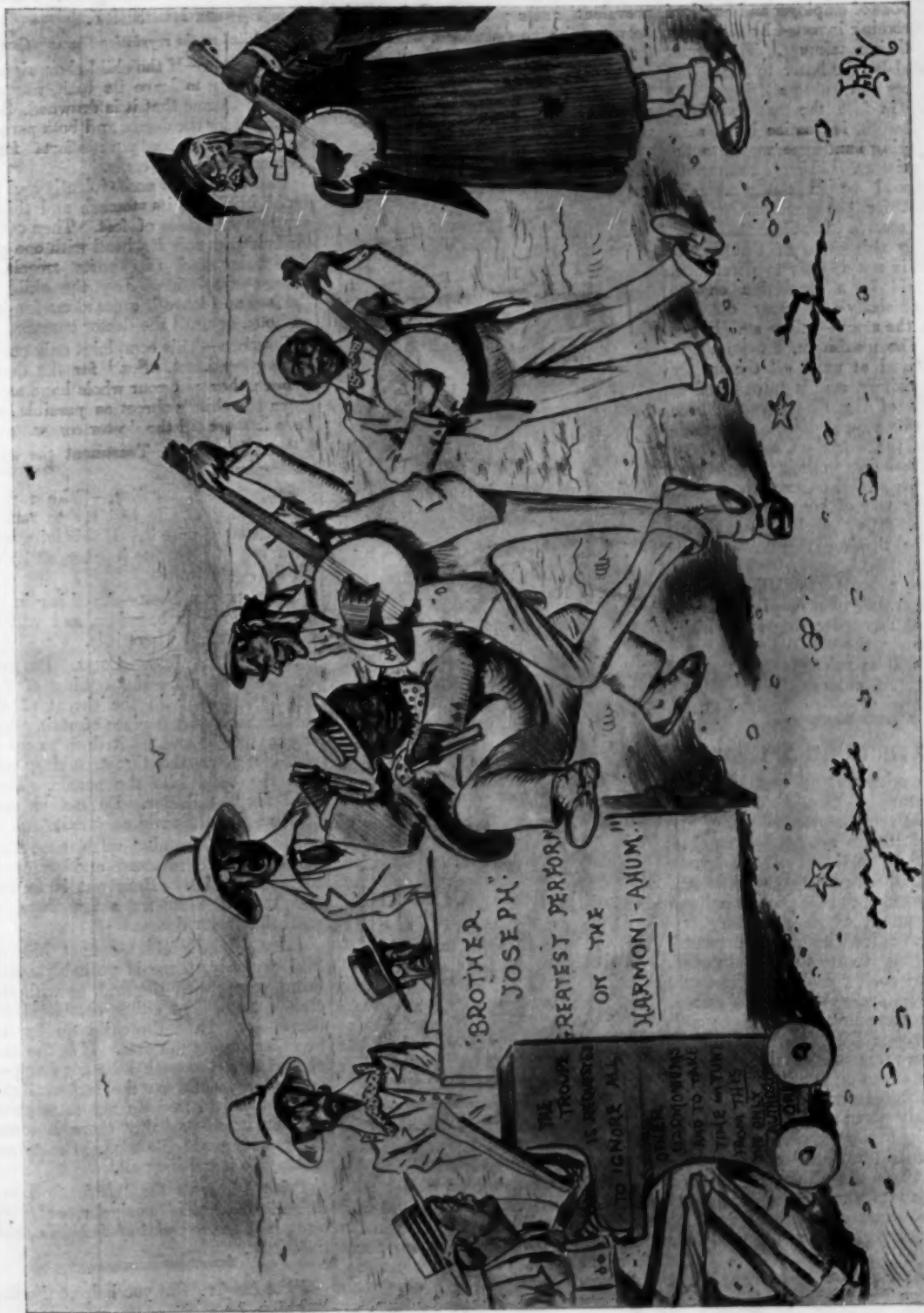
THE ECONOMICS OF TIPPING.

[This paper, apparently intended for the Economic Science Section of the British Association, now assembled in Cape Town, has by some oversight found its way to Bouverie Street.]

THE molecule and the atom, it has been eloquently shown by our learned and distinguished President, are subject to the laws of Evolution. He has pointed out that if we trace the history of these conceptions we find their stability gradually changing—rising to a maximum—declining—falling to nothing—and then revolution, followed by newly acquired strength and permanence. So also, to some extent, with the form of matter known as the Tip, though it is at present, according to all competent observers, neither an atom nor a molecule. A French statistician has calculated that £20,000,000 a year is distributed in tips in France, and that in Paris alone £12,000 changes hands in this way each day. As the result of inquiries, we find that the same state of things prevails in England. Tipping, indeed, is upon the upward grade in London and the Provinces alike. The Tip has now acquired such formidable dimensions as to bring about a vital change in the economic conditions of the country.

Owing largely to the influx of American millionaires and sportsmen, it appears that waiters, gamekeepers, and similar recipients are paying very considerable premiums in order to secure likely berths. We have it on the best authority that the newly-appointed Hall Porter of the Hotel Roosevelt in the West End has just obtained that incumbency by means of a *douceur* of three thousand guineas to the proprietors of the establishment, and is congratulating himself on his bargain. About a quarter of this sum was the "key-money" due from the Chief Chambermaid of the hotel on succeeding to the emoluments of her position. The comparatively trifling fee of £2,500 was lately handed over as "first fruits" to the Owners' Provident Pension Fund by the fortunate nominee to a Head Waitership at a leading restaurant. Subordinate posts are purchasable in like proportion. Needless to say, no salaries are now paid to these favoured officials. On the contrary, the proprietors are agitating for an increased percentage of the weekly proceeds of the tip-harvest.

In the country, the cost of a Gamekeepership under a nobleman or American magnate runs into four figures for entrance fee, with a varying annual subscription payable by the keeper according to the average takings of his benefice. The landlord is thus enabled to defray the heavy expenses of rearing and preserving his pheasants. The rent of a grouse moor or deer forest is



THE MINISTERIAL MINSTRELS; OR, WHO SAYS THE SANDS ARE RUNNING OUT?

OUR ARTIST, AFTER MUCH EXPLORATION AT VARIOUS HOLIDAY RESORTS, HAS DISCOVERED WHAT HAS BECOME OF SOME AT ANY RATE OF THE DISTINGUISHED PERSONS WHO VANISHED WITH THE RISING OF PARLIAMENT.

similarly met by a dividend from the gillies engaged.

The relations of employer and employé are thus becoming inverted by the rising of Tips to their maximum. The former is now hired by the latter to assist him in the process of earning a living. The waiters are, in fact, the masters of the situation, though, in justice be it said, they are paying handsome wages to the hotel proprietors. Many restaurant-keepers would be in the workhouse were it not for the generous salaries which they receive from their staff.

How long this state of things will continue it is not so easy to determine. There should be a revolution on the part of *somebody*—to carry out the analogy of the atom—before stability is reached. The maximum, however, will not be arrived at until *all* the money of guests, visitors, etc., is transferred to the pockets of the tip-takers. There would then be a rapid decline in gratuities, unless the quondam tippees gave adequate *pourboires* to their nominal employers, to be passed on to their former customers by way of bonuses to reward their return. The tipped ones would in this way be tipping themselves, and equilibrium would ensue. There is, nevertheless, a great possibility that a revolt against the inflation of tips may take place at an earlier stage, in which case (to change the original metaphor) the bubble will be pricked—and people will have to wait on themselves.

ZIG-ZAG.

THE EVERLASTING TEST.

THE suggestion that all Test Matches should in future be extended to six days is hardly likely to be adopted, owing to the fact that it does not go far enough. There should be no time limit whatever in International matches. What side of Test team players can do justice either to their averages or their country if forced by the exigencies of the present ridiculous time limit to start their innings after a long and arduous day in the field? Twenty-four hours' complete rest, accompanied by change of air and scene, is absolutely essential to a display of such transcendent importance. In case, also, of the pitch wearing badly, or a night's rain intervening, or a spell of oppressively warm weather setting in, a bracing trip to the sea-side should be arranged for the teams, the umpires and Mr. CRAIG while the wicket is being coaxed back to its normal condition.

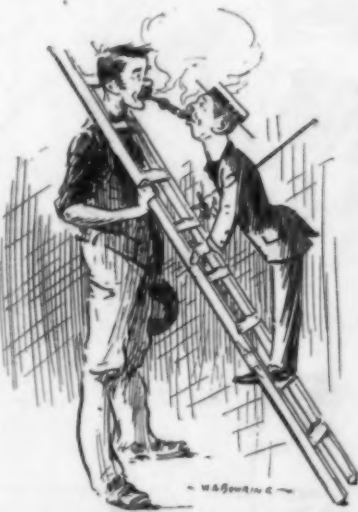
It may be urged, on the other hand, that such patchwork play would tend to lessen the spectator's interest in the struggle, but, far from this being the case, *ad libitum* Test cricket would confer an inestimable boon on the English-speaking world. There would be no

longer that feeling of desolation, that desperate sensation of emptiness, so prevalent among vicarious sportsmen between the Test Matches, while spectators of every class could watch the match at its commencement or in a few weeks' time with the comfortable assurance that the same glorious game would still be in progress.

From the feminine point of view, at



"CAN YOU OBLIGE ME WITH A MATCH?"
"SORRY I HAVEN'T ONE, SIR, BUT—"



"COME UP AND GET A LIGHT!"

any rate, the idea would be distinctly popular, and the gate-money enormously increased in consequence, for the simple reason that, time being no object with the players, lady enthusiasts would find the lawn at the disposal of their frocks and sunshades not once, but many times during the day, while, for instance, Mr. ARMSTRONG was having a chat with an overseas friend in the Pavilion, or Mr. FRY was waiting till he felt more in a mood for his knock.

GOLDEN RULES FOR THE NURSERY.

(Modelled on the regulation Nursery Card.)

DROWNING.—If the child show signs of not wishing to leave its bath, you may at once assume that it is drowned. Send instantly for the doctor and both parents, and do not relax your efforts for a moment until they come.

Pull the child's nose violently and put tepid bricks to its stomach and thighs, armpits and soles of feet. Then cut off all hair and rub its head with one part lime-water and two parts treacle to restore circulation. Lay the child on the bed and leave it quite alone for half an hour, or until the doctor comes.

CHOKING.—This complaint only occurs during breakfast. Send for the doctor at once, then put your whole hand as far down the child's throat as possible, and keep it there till the doctor comes.

NOSE BLEEDING.—Treatment the same as drowning.

SUBSTANCES IN THE EYE.—Take a well-sharpened penknife and try to remove the substance with it. If this fails, send for a box of glycerine jujubes, and wait till the doctor comes.

DITTO IN THE NOSE.—Anything in the nose is perfectly harmless, and will be much better left where it is.

SWALLOWING PINS, COINS, BUTTONS, PAPER-KNIVES, ETC.—If anything of this description stick in the throat of the child, attach a long piece of string to a crochet needle and let it drop as far as possible down the throat, taking care that the child bite the needle. Then send for the doctor. Do not on any account give the child an emetic.

WOUNDS.—Carefully wash the child all over with mustard and water to remove all dirt. Then put it to bed and keep it there for a few days, or until the doctor comes.

BITES.—If the child cannot bite its food properly, there is probably something wrong with the food, or with the child's teeth. In either case send for the doctor. Hold the child up by the heels for twenty minutes. If at the end of that time the teeth have not dropped out lay the child on the bed until the doctor's arrival and do not attempt to undress it, as probably there is something wrong with its food. On no account give it cod-liver oil.

Price 1d. from the "Infant's Liver Brigade Co.," Kidderminster, or given away with every $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of Dobbin's Milk Substitute.

First Loafer. Did you help at the fire last night?

Second Loafer. Yes, a bit. I got out of the way of the fire-engine.

JUST 1235 YEARS MORE!

WE hasten to reassure our male readers as to the scare caused in the newspapers last week by a statement made at the Detroit Congress by Mr. W. L. BODINE, Superintendent of Compulsory Education in Chicago, to the effect that the extinction of Man is imminent, owing to the alarming increase of wage-earning Woman. It is not really as bad as that. A "Well-known Sociologist" has given it as his opinion, in the *Express* of August 18, that "the year 3140 will see the final triumph of women, when there will be 100 per cent. more women than men living in Great Britain. Twelve centuries later there will only be one man to every three women." We beg the Mere Man to breathe again, and to take a careful note of these dates. The first is exactly 1235 years ahead, and we have therefore, no doubt, time to make preparations accordingly. All Redistribution Bills, for instance, which concern the male voter and are now in contemplation, should have a clause inserted that they will become null and void in 3140 A.D. It is to be sincerely hoped that Mr. BALFOUR will bear this in mind in framing his next attempt. Houses may still be built on a 999 years' lease with masculine "dens" and dressing-rooms, but for further periods we should recommend architects of club-houses and so forth to exercise a wise restraint. All Cricket tours and Test Matches booked for the summer of 3141 should be promptly cancelled, as there will not be enough trousered individuals to provide a "gate." A similar caution applies to the latter half of the previous football season. Husbands also have just twelve hundred and thirty-five years more to act as heads of the household, and do other odd jobs with hammers, etc. After then each will be only "half-a-man," and a new judgment of SOLOMON will be required to adjust matters.

We merely drop these hints by way of allaying any unnecessary fears during the present holiday season. It is very important to be exact in the matter of dates in arranging for these social cataclysms.

A Plurality Scandal.

"THE Rev. BEN LEWIS PARKIN, M.A., Vicar of St. Thomas, Brightside, Sheffield, has, we are informed, resigned his benefice, and that (*sic*) his Grace the Archbishop of York has accepted the same."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

The italics represent Mr. Punch's blushes for the Archbishop, who ought surely to have known better.

"GAMEKEEPERS in North Wales report that, owing to the recent excessive heat, thousands of young peasants have been killed."—*Rhôs Herald*.



SWIMMING THE CHANNEL.

(The Latent Craze.)

Genuine Gems.

(From a General Knowledge Paper.)

Q. Explain the following terms:

- (1) Poet Laureate, (2) First Cataract, (3) Geyser.

A. (1) AUSTIN CHAMBERLAIN, (2) The Flood, (3) GERMAN EMPEROR.

Q. Complete the following quotations:—

- (1) Birds of a feather—
(2) It takes two to make a—

A. (1) Birds of a feather never agree.
(2) It takes two to make a marriage.

Q. Name any work by TENNYSON.

A. Graves Energy.

Q. For what are the following people famous?—(1) CLARA BUTT, (2) MARIE CORELLI, (3) DR. BARNARDO.

A. (1) A cricketer, (2) Dancing and singing, (3) Cure for Radium.

Journalistic Candour.

"THERE is no truth in the statement that the *Daily Mail* has, or ever had, or ever will have, designs on the station bookstalls. The bookstall business has, however, so long been connected with the circulation of fiction that there seems some difficulty in dissociating the two."—*Evening News*.

ODONTOLOGICAL EVOLUTION.

(An appeal to Sir Oliver.)

No lurking premonition, when he lunched,
Of what Philosophy would lay before us
Haunted the happy troglodyte who munched
His mid-day Pleiosaurus.

He took no stock in Science: had you said,
"Teeth are a fraud, my neolithic brother,"
It might have struck his adamant head
To answer, "You're another!"

We, too, imagined, cutting 'em with tears,
Our infant ivories were things of beauty,
And mourned to think of those senescent years
When they would cease from duty.

It seems we were mistaken, Dr. LODGE;
You're going (very kindly) to deliver us
From dental agonies: the latest dodge
Is not to be carnivorous.

"If you have teeth, prepare to shed them now;
Their loss invigorates" (we quote your thesis)
"The human *cerebellum*; that is how
It gets those lovely creases.

"And, when the far-away Utopia comes,
More even-minded, if in features odder,
Posterity shall sip through pointless gums
A vegetable fodder."

Delightful notion!—Life, immune from pains,
To serious thought and cereal food apprenticed.
But are they really such a boon, these brains?
Ought we to starve the dentist?

Are there no simpler changes we can make
Than thus to cast aside our cherished molars,
And build the massive brow too large to take
A standard size in bowlers?

Why not revert (and bid your scheme go hang!)
To types that read no news and rent no villa—
The irresponsible Orang Outang,
The fancy-free Gorilla?

Sweet to repose on eligible trees,
Saving our teeth for one eternal chatter
About the *cerebrum*, and by degrees
Eliminate the latter.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

ACCORDING to the *Times* report of the last scene of all, "The Sailing of the French Fleet," that ended the eventful week, "the *Firequeen* summed up the whole situation in the one word 'Good-bye.'" Not staying to point out that "Good-bye" is certainly not 'one word,' but four separate words compressed into two hyphenically united, it is most unfortunately noticeable that instead of "Good-bye" the *Firequeen* ought to have signalled "*Au Revoir*," or, if we are deficient in French signals, then, at least, could have been substituted "*To our next merry meeting*." The idea of saying that "the whole situation was summed up" in wishing our guests "Good-bye"! The truly hospitable host never utters the sad word "Good-bye" without adding an affectionate "Hope you'll come and see us again soon," or something to that effect. "So long" would have been genial and up-to-date. No doubt the true sentiment will have been understood by our French friends, who will think that "it might have been infinitely better expressed."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MARSHALL P. WILDER is known in two hemispheres as one of the best *raconteurs* of the day. Probably, following the example of a fellow-labourer nearer Pall Mall, he has told his stories so often that he is in dread of repeating himself in the hearing of chance audiences. Pursuing the lead indicated, he has accordingly published them in a volume to which he gives the characteristic name *The Sunny Side of the Street*. My Baronite, looking through the pages, misses the irresistibly merry face of the story-teller and the surprise of the abrupt conclusion which left the listener wondering where the point of the joke was. When it flashed upon him, as it never failed to do, it was enjoyed the more for the hesitation. There is a good deal of wisdom in MARSHALL'S wit. He has met most notable people in New York and London, and chats delightfully about them.

The latest work issued by the Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., in its useful and interesting series entitled *The Makers of British Art*, edited by JAMES A. MANSON, is *William Hogarth*. It is described by its author, G. BALDWIN BROWN, M.A., Professor of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh, as an attempt at "a fresh and independent treatment of HOGARTH'S life and art," and, as such, it is likely to achieve, mainly on account of Professor BROWN'S treatment of what will always be one of the subjects most popular with all interested in British Art, a greater success than any of its predecessors, excepting, perhaps, *Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.*, by A. E. FLETCHER, and *Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.*, by ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING. So far as its modest limits allow, the Professor, in this book, has succeeded in giving us a delightful study of a plucky, sturdy, pugnacious, pig-headed, typical "British" personality, that is, of WILLIAM HOGARTH, who, as an artist, was possessed of rare genius, unrivalled in his peculiar line, whose execution was unequal, but whose ideas and expression of them were always original. What he saw, he drew; and as the humour took him so his eccentric fancy depicted whatever might be the subject of the moment. He was a tragedian, and equally a broad, yet subtle, comedian, who could be so successful in pure burlesque, that his grotesque print "in the ridiculous manner of REMBRANDT," as HOGARTH himself advertised it, was one of his most popular performances, and commanded a very extensive sale. How out of such small prices, as they seem to us now-a-days, he contrived to amass a sufficient, if not a considerable, fortune, is somewhat difficult to understand. Surprised indeed must have been any one familiar with his character, and personally acquainted with this "little man" (taller than DAVID GARRICK, probably), to learn that, one fine morning, while yet scarcely more than a student, or at all events only at the commencement of his career, he had eloped with the handsome daughter of Sir JAMES THORSHILL, Sergeant-Painter to the King. The marriage was a most happy one; he was devoted to his wife, and she to him. The Baron cannot help wondering how Mrs. HOGARTH relished the pictorial progress, on canvas, of some of the subjects in which her husband revelled. Fortunately he was a stern moralist, and his manner of teaching was to show vice its own image "as large as life," as the showman says, "and twice as natural." The plates in this very interesting book, given as typical specimens of HOGARTH'S art, are well selected, and have been reproduced with admirable clearness.

